The Bystander, May 17, 1916.—No. 650. Vol. L

# The BYSTANDER

## BLIND MAN'S BUFF

JOHN BULL: "Somebody isn't playing the game!"

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# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

## IRELAND THE ETERNAL!

### The Stormy Petrel

IRELAND, say many well-informed people, was the cause of the European War. Belief in the Irish trouble caused Germany to risk Britain's intervention. Ireland was the stormy petrel. The first real war incident was the gun-running at Howth, while the first actual blood was shed in the streets of Dublin on July 26th. Had there been no Irish trouble, the war might never have taken place—at least, so many people seem to think.

### Then and Now

IF there was one thing we all delightedly told ourselves in the early days it was that Ireland was settled, anyway: that it had taken a European War to do it but that the thing had been done. And now. . . . Well, so far from being settled, Ireland seems to have displaced the war altogether in what we are pleased to hope we are still allowed to call our minds.

### The Sleeper Wakes

A MAN who had been mercifully put to sleep on May 17, 1914 (after yawning over the Irish news in his papers), to awaken on the same day of 1916, would, on being told that he had overslept himself by two years, eagerly ask for the papers, confident that at all events there would be something else than Ireland.

### "No Change"

IF he subscribed to the two morning papers I take in, he would have thrown them away with disgust after glancing at their two principal news pages, for the items that alone caught his eye would be items concerning—Ireland. "THE CABINET CENSURED: MR. ASQUITH TO VISIT DUBLIN." "IRISH EXECUTIONS DEFENDED: AN INTERREGNUM IN IRELAND." "MESSAGE TO CHEER THE REBELS." "IRISH DEBATE," etc., etc. When he recovered his annoyance, he would glance again, and his eye would be caught by—perhaps—"The Struggle on the Meuse" and "German Rally in East Africa."

ATLAS: "Well, really this is getting a bit too hot for me"

### Ireland as Usual

"GOOD," he would exclaim. "There is something else than Ireland after all"—imagining that there had been a little rioting or something going on in Belgium, and some Colonial rising in German Colonies. Then a friend—bandaged and in khaki—would come in and tell him all about it, *i.e.*, that for nearly two years war had been raging between the Six Great Powers of Europe and most of the small ones, over the greater part of three continents and all the seven seas, and that some eight to ten millions of his fellow Europeans had been killed, wounded, or captured. And the culmination of those eighteen months of carnage and rapine was—Ireland as usual! The topic that world-wide war thought it had killed deader than seven Dodos is livelier than seventy devils. Whatever other questions might be settled, the Irish remains.

### Himself as Trumps

I SUPPOSE we ought all again to go into transports of admiration over our remarkable Premier, the transference of whose person thereto is supposed to bring peace to any troubled scene. This Premier, who carefully conceals himself up his own sleeve and plays himself as his own trump, is almost too good for real life. He ought to have been thought of by Shakespeare or Cervantes, or one of the other gentlemen whose tercentenaries are being celebrated just now; a major domo who allows every conceivable kind of "accident" to happen to the establishment for which he is responsible, yet invariably inspires the utmost enthusiasm by a magnificent assumption of personal responsibility *after the trouble has happened.*

### Personal Attention

IF there is complaint that he has allowed a part of the premises to be burned out he announces that he will go in person to see the Insurance Company. (Loud cheers.) Has there been a

*(Continued on page 292)*

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 291)*

burglary? There has. Very well! He will go in person and discuss the matter with the police. (Uproarious cheers.) A riot in the servants' hall resulting in several deaths and enormous destruction? He will hold a personal inquiry into the matter. (Delirious applause.) Have the horses escaped from the stables? Excellent! He will personally lock all the doors. (Uncontrolled enthusiasm.) Everybody agrees that he is absolutely splendid—except, perhaps, the disgruntled individual who mutters that if he were worth his salt he would have *prevented* the various accidents.

⁂ ⁂

**Ireland—Wonderland**

LET me hasten to add, however, that Ireland is such a topsy-turvy sort of Wonderland that there is no knowing that accidents there aren't better prevented "afther" than before they have happened. The locking of a stable door may have some magnetic effect that draws back the bolted horse. Having had his run, he will have satisfied himself and desire to renew the comforts of home.

⁂ ⁂

**How We Learn Our Own News—**

WHAT we should do without the American Press I do not like to think. But for the *Chicago Daily News*, for instance, the British public might never have known the latest version of the war aims of the British Empire as stated by Sir Edward Grey. An American journalist happens, quite by accident, of course, to stroll into the Foreign Office, and quite casually the British Foreign Minister (who hasn't spoken in Parliament for months) talks to him two columns of first-rate copy.

⁂ ⁂

**—About Our Own War**

WHAT is the matter with the British Press that *our* journalists never seem to be able to stroll into the Foreign Office and catch a fish that is so obviously waiting to be caught? It is inconceivable that British journalists can be forbidden access to waters where foreigners are so welcome. As it is the British, too, who are fighting the war, and not the Americans, might it not be inspiring, and calculated even to "stimulate recruiting," if communications as to war aims could be made to British ears?

⁂ ⁂

**Why "Unnecessary"?**

MR. BONAR LAW enjoys such an exceptional position just now in both parties that he should be exceptionally cautious in his phraseology. It is not cautious of him to write to Mr. Hicks Beach, of the Tewkesbury Division, regretting that a contest had been "so unnecessarily forced upon him." In theory, at all events, a constituency has a right to a choice of its candidates, and no contest ought to be spoken of by democratic statesmen as "unnecessary." If the country is as fond of the Coalition as the Coalition is of itself, it will "signify the same in the usual way." But if Mr. William Boosey chooses to invite the electors of Tewkesbury to send him to St. Stephen's in place of Mr. Hicks Beach, that is a matter between Mr. William Boosey and the electors of Tewkesbury.

DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL: MIDNIGHT, MAY 21

MASTER GEORGE WASHINGTON (*to Father Time*): "Oh, dear! Fancy you making the clock tell a fib! I couldn't have done such a thing!"

⁂ ⁂

**The Independent Member**

THE eagerness of the Coalition to keep out all independent members from Parliament is really a confession of cowardice. If the independent is an idiot, he will speedily be kept in his place by Mr. Speaker. Mr. William Boosey is the reverse of an idiot, he being the head of one of the largest and most successful of British businesses in a German field—the production of music and musical instruments. A glance at the London Directory reveals a quite extraordinary number of German names in this connection—no doubt all of them charming naturalised people, but Germans in origin all the same.

⁂ ⁂

**The Original Bairnsfathers**

VISITORS to London next week—from the Front in particular—must not miss the Bairnsfather Exhibition (all the originals are on view) which is to open on Monday at the *Graphic* Galleries, in the Strand.

# Montague and Capulet

ROMEO (Carson) :

"Call me but love and I'll be new bapt'sed ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
. . . . . .
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee. . . ."

JULIET (Redmond) :

"I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

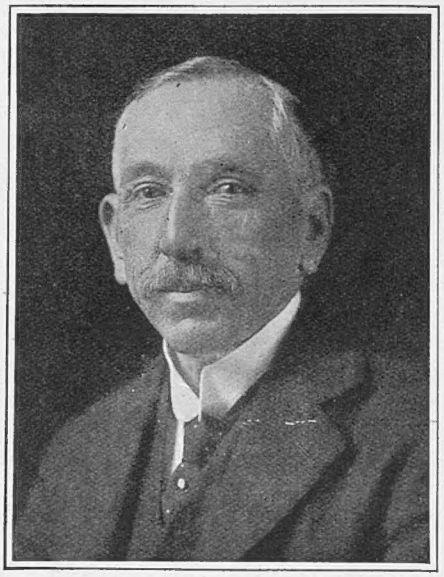
NURSE (Asquith), within : "Strikes me I'm workin' this beautifully ! ! "

# The Interesting Mr. Hughes

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE

MR. HUGHES (there is, of course, only *one* Mr. Hughes) is wonderful—simply wonderful. The portrait of his baby (dear little thing) has been flung at us three times and one-eighth as often (I am a stickler for accuracy) as have the pictures of the whole of our gorgeous Coalition Cabinet (all in—resign or not), during the last five weeks. Even so, this babe, whose rotund features are burnt in on the Empire mind by this, is still only a baby, and Mr. Hughes is Mr. Hughes colossal in headlines with a mammoth's swallow on newspaper columns. Lord Milner once said "Damn the consequences," and was acclaimed a superb Pro-Consul in consequence. Mr Hughes knocked that sublimity silly. He said "Do it *now!*" And he has been saying it again and again ever since. For the first time in our chequered history we have found brilliant originality and consistency in a single sentence. All hats off and also loud cheers!

MR. HUGHES gets right on to the spot, and keeps there. The spot is a huge and otherwise welcomed oasis in the newspapers. To a Government which has made a fine art of suppression (read Lord Northcliffe) and loathes virile expression (kindly read Mr. Gardiner, of the *Daily News*, on Mr. Lloyd George), Mr. Hughes represents a veritable Army Corps of hall-marked 18-carat angels from the seventh heaven. He, in his own self, is nothing less than a Zep raid every morning that ever was without a single casualty to worry a coroner, and with nothing but his never-to-be-forgotten and by no-one-else-ever-to-be-thought-of knock-out super-phrase, "Do it now!"



*Photograph* *Elliott and Fry*

MR. W. M. HUGHES (from Australia)

Who made another of his "electric" orations at the Queen's Hall last week

POOR old "Wait and See!" Do it now! Horrible, isn't it? That's where Mr. Hughes has come in. The Coalition mopped up our stay-at-homes. Shall we toss for it? Heads Mr. Hughes—or is it "a woman"?—well, wait and see. Someone had to do it. And the newspapers do the rest. Lord Northcliffe has given Mr. Hughes the dreamiest, rosiest, cushiest time——ah, but others have been perched on the same pinnacle. Mr. Hughes is "doing it now," and the amazing Carmelite is also "doing it now," but who is going to do whom and be done with first—well, *I* know, and perhaps *you* know also.

STILL, make no mistake about it. Mr. Hughes is a remarkable man. *He is absolutely honest and fiercely direct.* He does not quibble. They have not time for that in Australia. And he is bound to say what he means even if he does not want to (and I am sure he does), because he has no culture of reserve or genius for dodging. That is why he hits home. He is a simple man who speaks in simple language to people who are sick of subtleties.

MR. HUGHES is regarded by us as a fascinating débutante, and he makes all the blunders that are necessary to keep up the illusion. He spoke last week at the Queen's Hall in favour of Tariffs. He did not know (or if he did he successfully convinced us that he didn't) that his Chairman, Mr. Hodge, had won his seat in Lancashire by opposing Tariffs. And on the whole of his platform there was not, I should think, a single man who would not have foamed at the mouth had Tariffs been mentioned twelve short months ago. But Mr. Hughes proclaimed his Tariff beliefs even in that company, and like perfect gentlemen, they all cheered him to the echo. Incidentally, it should be stated that the audience started the cheers and a "collection" was the chief item on the agenda. But the débutante Premier did not know this. He cannot have known this. As I have said, he is absolutely honest and fiercely direct.

QUITE frankly, Mr. Hughes does not make a good speech, but he *reads* well. We all owe much to the reporters. They report what we ought to have said, and don't report what we did say. But with you and me they do *not* set to *our* credit speeches which master-minds would have made had *they* made them. Mr. Hughes certainly makes his own speeches, and the master-minds give us—the headlines. And headlines are supremely important!

MR. HUGHES is splendidly virile on part of his histrionic adventures. No one would describe him as an orator—which is, perhaps, the best tribute that can be paid to him. Mr. George invited him to Conway, and Wales still lords it over the Welsh. Frankly, Mr. Hughes would be wise to "decimate" his utterances in length and verbiage. One can say "Do it now" quite quickly with a little practice, and old "Wait and See" backs prolixity to work the undoing of his rival on the stage.

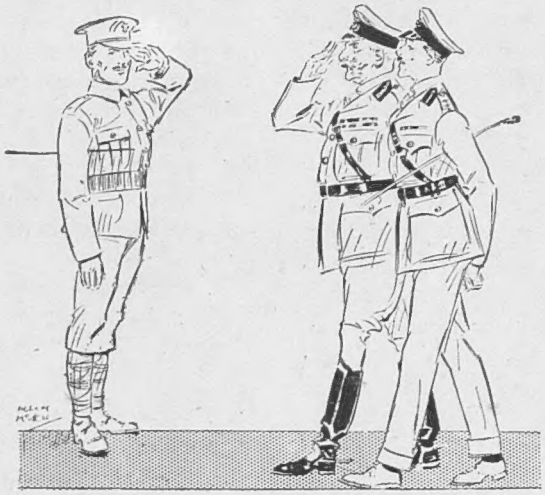
MEANWHILE "Labour" is rubbing its eyes in the gallery (the seats downstairs are very dear even for munition-workers) and is wondering what is what, who is who, and who the —— is Hughes. Our dear doubtful aspirators are knocked out for the moment by a man who is criminally gentlemanly in appearance. How it will work out I don't know, but it certainly will be amusing. At any rate, Mr. Hughes's fine Imperialism is sure to do good, and will certainly neutralise his amazing economics. SOTTO VOCE

# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *May* 15, 1916.
DEAR COUSIN—

COMPULSION having come at last, the Commons, I believe, are now packing their bags for the little recess that the war and Ireland and the indecisions of the Premier so wantonly deprived them of at Easter, when—oh, yes, they *did* have a holiday then too, of course. But it was only just an ordinary week-end one like other peoples'. Funny, isn't it, that it's only the men we pay so well to govern us who never, no never do without their holidays, whatever happens?



"The be-tabbed and be-ribboned ones do make the streets and places more cheerful"

⁂ ⁂

BUT in England—now, of course, when you're an official of sorts, especially a very highly paid one, you get a kind of a divine immunity, it seems, from the ordinary human fate—worry and overwork and paying for your mistakes, and that sort of thing. Some of them may have, perhaps, but no one's *heard* yet of any of the big men who made them paying for even the most obvious mistakes of the war—the hospital muddle at Gallipoli, to take only one instance. And they don't, these most fortunate great ones, bother to learn by other people's mistakes either.

⁂ ⁂

THERE is one thing, in these days of drab, the be-tabbed and be-ribboned ones do make the streets and restaurants and places more cheerful, 'specially since they invented all the new kinds. And they'll need brightening, too, soon, if we take one M.P.'s advice and mobilise all the women from sixteen to sixty as well as the men.

⁂ ⁂

THERE'S talk, too, of food-rations for everyone everywhere,—war at last, in fact. But *that* won't come to anything. *Much* too methodical and businesslike and sensible, though everyone with any sense and proper feeling about the war would welcome it (provided, of course, they allowed us special privileges for the proper feeding of the men on leave!) And then, of course, they'd never allow it below stairs, where the idea is let's eat and drink for to-morrow we may—be in another "place." Food-ticket organisers have wild ideas about three meals a day being enough for anyone in war-time I believe. Which would be a nasty check on kitchen early teas and late elevenses and mid-afternoon revivers, wouldn't it?

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, there doesn't seem any overwhelming danger of such a depressing state of affairs coming to pass just now, not at present. London, anyway, and Brighton, and all those places, wherever one dines or lunches or goes to be amused, are simply swarming still with saucy things, whose chief job even now in life is to manicure their nails. And as for those princesses and people that in paragraphs and under photographs one reads of every day as pouring out tea for Tommies and spending days and nights in draughty station canteens—well, 'course it's true they *do* exist, but not exactly in masses.

⁂ ⁂

AS a soldierman's wife writes me from Newfoundland, "At least you do have excitements in England, politics and Zeppelins and things to keep you alive. If you lived in this deadly dull and manless place, where I feel I'm slowly growing into a turnip or something equally interesting, you'd think it better any day to be killed by a Zeppelin than to die of monotony. The only bright spots in life are the arrival of your letter and my man's at the Front. Will you go on writing them when the war's over, or will you settle down with one of your khaki friends and some Pekinese and babies? We shall still want cheering up in the Colonies, you know, some of us, and not even the men in the trenches or the Navy watch more eagerly for your letters than we do."

⁂ ⁂

WHICH is very sweet and charming of her, isn't it, and all the more appreciated 'cos—well, women don't make a *point* of saying nice things to each other as a *general* rule, do they? But I do think the women of the Colonies have done even more than we at home have in giving up their men. Apart from the dulness, the distance makes things so extra hard and awful, even letters take weeks and weeks. Here, in London, life at its peacefullest is wildly exciting in comparison and that sort of thing helps one anyway sometimes to forget, doesn't it?

⁂ ⁂

AND they don't have the liveliest times, some of the men, either. One who writes to me from somewhere in old Egypt denies my soft impeachment, which was to the effect that in the land of sand and Cleopatra our soldiermen have been putting in a really quite nice time. "We aren't having a lovely time, Blanche. We are having as lovely a time as the children of Israel. We dig and build in the desert like

(*Continued on page 295*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 295)

ants, and live on any old rations that turn up, and as for dances. . . .

⁂ ⁂

"THE only dances we've had were when the General and his attendant official nuisances turned up to see the work. Then the men lifted their picks up and down in quick time, N.C.O.'s barked, and officers yapped, and everybody jumped to it for an hour or so—and then took things easy until the next ball. What a life!

⁂ ⁂

"OF course, there are dances in Cairo, but I've only one lonely star on my cuff, and am not a nuisance (anybody with a red band or other device to distinguish him from the low-down, common or garden officer I consider a nuisance), so I wasn't asked. The fact is humble Tempy Sec. Lieuts. don't get into places where the mighty strut and puff and tut-tut and win the war for us with lengthy typewritten 'Memoranda on the care of feet—Officers, for the use of,' and so on. No."

⁂ ⁂

IT'S from an officer in the Sudan, too, that I hear of the popularity of the Prince of Wales out there. "He's made quite an impression on the people out here. He is full of energy, and although the temperature was 109 degrees, he wandered round and saw everything, and, of course, appealed particularly to the Sudanese because he'd come straight from the trenches. You know the Sudanese soldier always used to compare himself with the British soldier because, he said, both liked their drink and neither knew fear. But in these temperate days the first part doesn't apply."

⁂ ⁂

NICE things, men, aren't they? Always remind me of kittens lapping cream the way they revel in "sympathy." One writes that he has derived untold comfort from my sympathy with "the unfortunate Navy, who get all the kicks and none of the ha'pence," especially since they wouldn't give him his hard-earned leave. "But I expect you, in common with most people, are asking what the deuce the Navy's doing while the *Deutschers* give their firework displays free of charge before Lowestoft.

⁂ ⁂

"WE did our best, however, and tho' we were willing, Fritz was weak and wouldn't wait quite long enough. Wherefore be kind to us when next you write to your 'cussin' and remember that if you're fed-up with us we're even more fed-up with our luck, which was absolutely out, as you'd realise if I could only tell you. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

SOME of our soldiermen asked me the other day if I wouldn't give them a few hints on how to vary the ghastly monotony of trench cooking. Some nice person from one of the Service Clubs has sent me along such a nice little book that just *does* it that I can't help recommending it, though I don't know who it's really by, and I don't get a commission or anything. It's called "Rations Dainty, Good, and Cheap," and it's bound in red, white, and blue, and it'll slip into any tunic pocket, and it costs a shilling, and it appeals to an economical mind instanter because it *doesn't* say, in the immemorial manner of cookery books—"Take the whites of twenty eggs and five pints of cream. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

HERE'S a specimen of its manner:

SCOTCH WOODCOCK

Put a nice piece of butter in the saucepan; break an egg in and stir; add a small spoonful of anchovy sauce, cayenne, and salt. Put on toast.

*That* result could be achieved in any dug-out, don't you think so? And no time wasted reading long descriptions about weights and things.

⁂ ⁂

I'M shivering hard as I write, but they tell me it is really Spring at last now in England, where, if the north-east wind *does* catch you round the corner, there's nothing lovelier anywhere. A sight for sore eyes alone our little island's carpeting of green in spring, and then there are the orchards—cherry and pear and apple, pinky white above the green and under the blue, and making them look mellower and even more English than ever, the old farmhouses and manors that lie so low in the little valleys.

⁂ ⁂

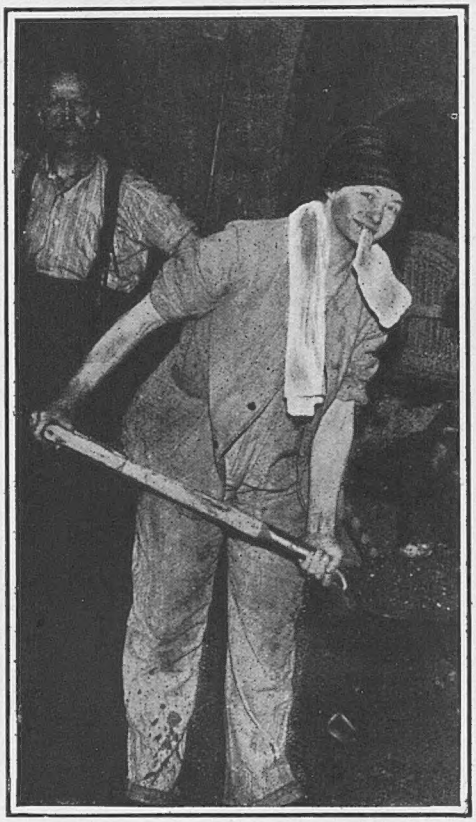
IF you're going to tell me Spring is lovelier anywhere than here — well, I shan't believe you. I know there's Japan, a fairy-land, and Tuscany, where they say it's just beyond words, the colour and the glory of it. But Spring without birds—they don't seem to care for them in that land of the great romances—is hardly Spring to us islanders at all. Keats didn't write "To a Nightingale" and all about

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves,

in Italy, did he?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



VULCANELLA

A Woman Stoker in a South London factory engaged on Government work

# Economy in Line

## A FORETASTE OF WHAT IS TO COME

SHE: "Your old beast of a Major looked as though he would like to eat us!"
HE: "Ha! Ha! Well—I'm a bit of a cannibal myself"

[*The rage for economy has extended even to our artists, and "Rip" has sent us this unfinished drawing with regrets that, as the price of ink has gone up so enormously, he is unable to do more to it. We also have* OUR *ideas of economy and shall pay accordingly.*—THE EDITOR]

# "Somewhere in Flanders"

## OBSERVATION—QUIET AND DISCREET

My Dear Bystander—

I have just come back from attending an auction sale with my French colleagues. All good sleuths attend country auction sales, because you always expect to find bad men at an auction sale, just as you expect to find fleas in a henhouse. It goes without saying.

⁂ ⁂

They were selling-off to civilians old carts and waggons for which the Army had no further use, together with a parcel of time-expired mules with conscientious objections to military discipline, and little did that eager, excited throng of prospective bidders imagine as they wandered round the field shrewdly quizzing the various lots and hitting the mules across the spine with a heavy stick to note the store of vitality (if any), little did they know that the tall handsome man with the treacle-coloured beard and the "Ajax" rubber heels was keenly observant of their every movement, cognisant of their every gesture.

⁂ ⁂

A slight misunderstanding soon after our arrival somewhat marred my complete enjoyment of the sale. I was engaged in closely scrutinising the auctioneer's face and pondering whether the richness of the colour was to be attributed to vocal effort, alcohol, or a guilty conscience, when I suddenly felt his piercing gaze upon me, and before I could do anything to stop it he had knocked a mule down to me for 125 francs! And it was only after a lot of nods of the head between my French colleagues and the auctioneer that the bargain was declared null and void.

⁂ ⁂

On the whole, it was a singularly uneventful day as it happened. True, there were some bad men there, but they were not the sort of bad men we were after, the depth of their badness extending to the theft of chickens on a dark night and milk adulteration on a small scale. It was rather a pity as I was in excellent observation fettle and awfully keen. Totally unobserved, I overheard one man say to another that 70 francs was too much to pay for a waggon that had lost its freshness through contact with a bit of six-inch shell, and silent as the grave I crept up behind a short, unhealthy man with a bent leg, who was deep in tense conversation with a sallow-faced, miserable-looking man, and learned with a thrill that they were discussing their diseases.

⁂ ⁂

Talking of observation, I should mention for the benefit of the beginner (or the tyro) that this fascinating science may be divided into three distinct classes. For instance, if you know nothing about the man in question, and in all probability he is loyal to the core, and you feel you would like half an hour's exercise, you just keep a brief observation on him. Nothing more. If, on the other hand, somebody has come forward and said something unpleasant about the man (from a national point of view), the truth of which remains to be seen, then from time to time you keep what is called "quiet observation" on the man.

⁂ ⁂

But if, again, the plot has thickened to the extent of satisfying yourself that there is undoubtedly something wrong, but you aren't sure what, and it is absolutely essential to catch the fellow out *in flagranti delicto* before action can be taken, then you bring to bear what is known in the profession as "quiet and discreet observation." This is the deadliest form of observation, and if the victim only realised what was happening to him he would suffer a nervous breakdown on the spot.

⁂ ⁂

I remember I once read in a sixpenny magazine that the ideal detective never moves a muscle of his face. Never; not even in a railway accident. Inscrutability is his motto. You can never tell whether he is delighted, rattled, or annoyed; and I tried hard to concentrate on this the other night when I was knocked up at 2 a.m. by an excited and hostile lady who shrilly complained that somebody had broken into her *estaminet* and looted seven bottles of wine, and it was certain to be *les soldats anglais*, because there were a number of them billeted only four kilometres away—much nearer than the French troops, who were almost five kilometres distant—and was I prepared to settle up on the spot, and, if not, who was? All this in a breath. Ladies *do* so jump at conclusions.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

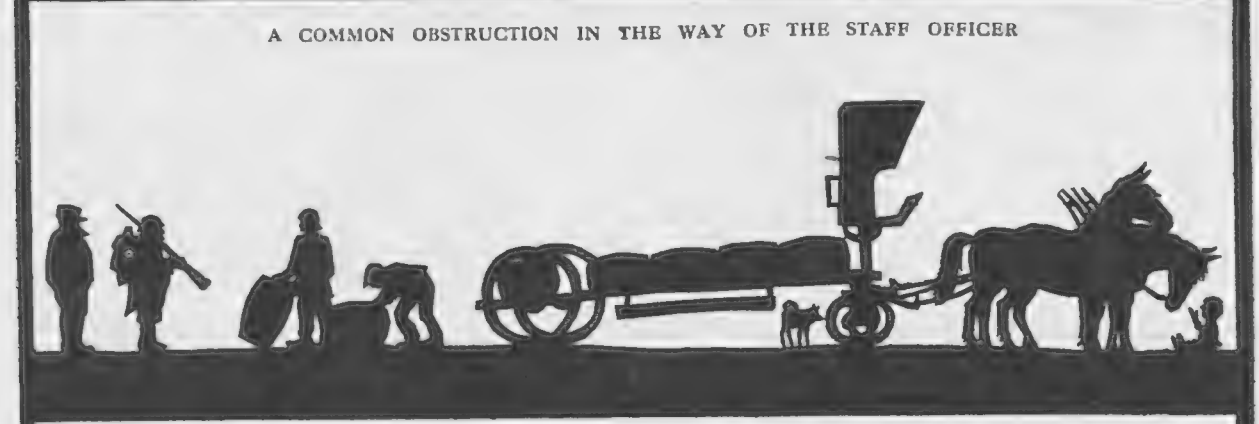
CUPID'S DARTS—NEW STYLE

LITTLE JONES: "What, engaged to four girls at once? How the deuce do you account for it?"
THE SUB: "I don't know, unless Cupid's using a machine-gun"

# Night Work in Silhouette

MULE LIMBER BRINGING UP SUPPLIES

A COMMON OBSTRUCTION IN THE WAY OF THE STAFF OFFICER



FRENCH SUPPLY TROOPS LOADING UP THEIR BEER CART

FROM THE TRENCHES TO BILLETS: PASSING A CALVARY

There is little traffic in the day-time behind the lines, but at night everybody is suddenly and violently busy. Rations and shells are brought up to the front, and the heavy motor lorries claim the right of way from everything and everybody else. The "Calvary," so common an object of the French cross-roads, makes our Tommies, as they pass it, curiously silent

*BY SECOND-LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY*

*NEW AFTER-WAR TYPES*

# The Flapper of Tomorrow

THE future of the Flapper is the most crucial of all the war problems. The war will be won in vain if at the end of it we are to be doomed to a Flapperless England. At the bare thought of such a disaster, Jack afloat would go sick (which would be very natural but highly unbecoming) and Tommy in the trenches would take a lease for life of his dug-out, and insist on being an occupant for the rest of his days.

INDEED, the position of the Flapper in our national life has hitherto been absurdly underrated and generally misunderstood. By condescending older sisters she is called " a kitten " ; by maiden ladies of mature years " a cat." But in truth she is not feline at all. She is audacious rather than subtle ; a bewitching sort of boy-girl, deliciously cheeky on occasion, but more womanly than Eve herself in those very tender moments when hearts beat wildly.

NEARLY everything is nice when it's young, and Flappers are *very* young. Their faces and figures are young, their eyes and lips are wistfully young (be careful there !), and their minds, dear things, are treasure-trove of surprises and surprisings. The Flapper's attitude to those about her always somehow reminds me of some guest who, arriving very late the night before, takes a quiet and amused stock of the house-party when she says " Good morning."

BUT every Flapper is a problem in herself. She makes play with the obvious in order to veil her subtleties. She wears short, or, at any rate, shortish, skirts. That is a tribute to her ankles. (I have always thought that older women should be fired and turned out to grass.) In the garden when the wind blows she does not walk. She runs. This is not because she is Queen of the Elements, but for the reason that she seeks to be their sport. The wind catches those tresses of hers and tumbles them about her laughing face until she is all hair and eyes and saucy wistfulness. She does not like it, but she knows *we* do ! Good girl !

IN a brainy sort of way she is wonderful. What she lacks in knowledge she finds in mother-wit. It is not a very far cry from the last doll to the first baby subaltern. And she finds the latter more exciting. They can kiss back. (I don't suggest that she always gives the first kiss, but I believe it *has* been known to happen.) After all—and this is my point—it would be a motherly sort of kiss. It would begin with Eve even if it ended with Cleopatra. And your Flapper pendulates between the two with usually the wee-est little drag on Cleopatra.

AND she is amazingly adaptable. Before the first Temp. Sec. Lieut. had learnt to form fours or to teach great big men to achieve that acrobatic miracle, the whole race of Flappers knew the Army from A to Z. Before even Liège fell "The Flappers' Regulations for the Conduct of the War " were mastered and in universal practice. Their dominating principle is a perfervid inconstancy. " Buck up the dear boys by letting them feel that we love them. We cannot love *all* of them, but we *can* love them one after another, and cheerfully work overtime at this our war-work."

THE other day I had the great fortune to be present when a cheery little Flapper discussed the war with a distinguished General. And the Flapper got the best of it. She smiled on the old gentleman and drew him out, and graciously patronised him and most wickedly flattered him. With a quick instinct of her ignorance she contented herself with nods, approving smiles, and non-committal asides. The smartest woman of the world could not have done better. And all the time the little witch was using her every art and charm of captivation leading up to her climax. " Oh, General, I'm so thankful you are beating them, but why, oh why, don't you give dear Dick promotion ? " " Your brother ? " the amused soldier asked. The fifteen-year-old's trick of denial was a brilliant blush and an averted face. " Bless my soul," gasped the General.

SOME people concern themselves quite seriously about the Flapper's Moral Code. I think this is unfair. She gets on so very nicely without one ; and when one gets such delightful results it is churlish to examine methods too closely. Of course, I admit that she lies like a trooper—if she is driven to, but she usually escapes awkward questions by artful evasions. Doctrinally she is a dear little Jesuit (using the description in the highest sense), and theologically she has rejected the Commandments in favour of the Old Testament. When she meets a nice boy she holds hands for quite five seconds too long, and a great deal longer if no one is looking.

WHEN a girl ceases to flap she usually marries a curate or a Member of Parliament. At any rate, she is done for. And happily the supply of that sort of person is strictly limited. Of course, rose-buds cannot be rose-buds for ever. But there are lots of rose-trees and lots of buds coming on. And Flapper succeeds Flapper in endless procession, and unlike railway tickets they are agreeably transferable. Once a girl flaps well she flaps always. Her eyes never lose their trick nor her lips their cunning. And that wonderful witchy sort of way with her—she keeps that all the time. Even if when the years pass she finds a second chin—well, it gives a little holiday now and again to the first one, doesn't it ? And when her own little slips of girls start flapping too she watches them with a twinkling eye and the admiring approval of a sister artist.

FOR'ARD ON

# To be United in the States

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

## MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson. Her engagement to Mr. Cecil King is reported from the United States, where Miss Neilson-Terry is at present playing. This will be doubly a theatrical wedding, for Mr. King has been well-known in London for more than a dozen years as the stage-manager of Sir Herbert Tree's productions at His Majesty's Theatre. Few actresses have made, at the age of twenty-four, such a reputation as Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, but, then, few have appeared on the stage at such an early age as she did

# "Some" Crater

"We occupied the Crater." Our picture will bring home the real meaning of this common phrase in communiqués. The "crater," caused by the explosion of a mine, is a pit of tumbled earth nearly seventy feet deep; and the face of Northern France is being gradually transformed by the ceaseless formation of crater after crater all along the front line of trenches

# The Bystander in Paris

## WONDERFUL WOMEN WAR-WORKERS

"I met her in the corridor of a theatre in Paris which shall be nameless"

I MET her in a corridor of a theatre in Paris, which shall be nameless, because as I have adapted *Potash and Perlmütter* into French, and it is playing to full houses at the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, I am naturally bashful about mentioning it. The curtain had just dropped on the first act, and her eyes were still brimming with laughter. We talked about theatres and music-halls instead of the war, because amusement-seeking Paris has awakened from its long sleep at last, and people are going to the theatres and music-halls again without any false shame.

❋

IN actual fact, though Easter can hardly be said to have been a holiday this year, for few people have gone out of town, the theatres have been packed, and the music-halls also. Not only that, but one occasionally sees a dinner jacket in a restaurant or in a theatre nowadays for the first time since August, two years ago.

❋

AND suddenly the little lady's face grew grave. "You ought to come one evening out to Reuilly Barracks with the Prince and me," she said. The Prince is not a real Prince. He is a writer of songs named Xavier Privas, a big man with a timid manner, a great voice, and a large heart. The fiercest-looking and the gentlest old Frenchman imaginable. The poets of Montmartre, of whom he is the ringleader, gave him his title some years ago, and as he has always been a prince of good fellows, the title has stuck to him. Besides, he looks like Napoleon the Third in a magnum edition.

❋

"YES," said the little lady, who is his wife, "you must come out with us to Reuilly. We are teaching soldiers to sing road songs there." And we went on talking about the work women are doing in the war. They are doing wonderful work, and the soldiers like it.

❋

IN Caen, for instance, all clerical work in military establishments is being done by women. At the depôt of an engineer regiment there, twelve women are secretaries, three are storekeepers in the clothing store, nine are cooks, and two are seamstresses. The men are better fed and better clothed than they have ever been before, and, as one of them told me recently, it is a good change, for the French Army was getting tired of flirting with men cooks.

❋

IN all the infantry depôts and cavalry depôts dotted about France (there are three hundred or more of them) women are working as shorthand writers and secretaries. They are earning good money, too, from three shillings a day upwards, and all of them are wives, widows, or daughters of French soldiers. They love the work, because it keeps them too busy to worry about the war.

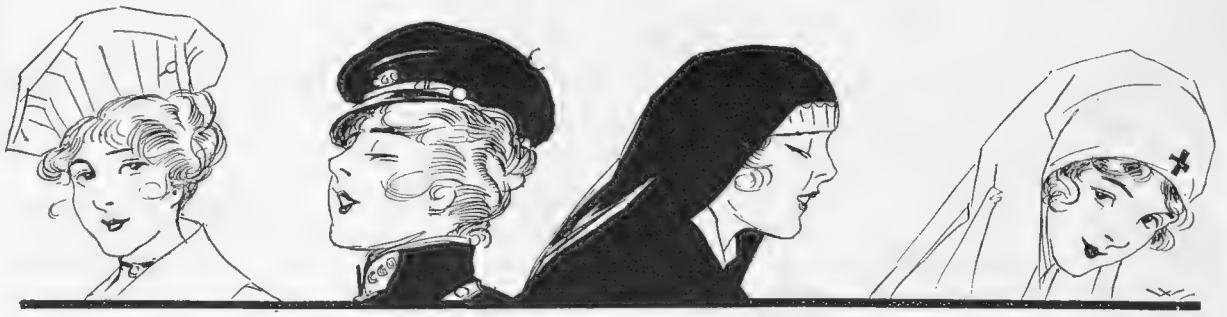
❋

IN the hospitals, too, now, war widows and war wives are working as nurses in the wards set aside for small illnesses. All the professional nurses are busy with the wounded, and a huge army of Frenchwomen with that quickness natural to the race is being trained to do the easier nursing of men suffering from grippe and other slight diseases. Women are working as tailors, too, all over the country, and economising State money by doing so, for they are less

(*Continued on page 304*)

"Besides, he looks like Napoleon the Third in a magnum edition"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded from page 303)



"All of them are wives, widows, or daughters of French soldiers. They love their work because it keeps them too busy to worry about the war"

wasteful than the men, and to mention one depôt alone, that of Le Mas Senbier, a hundred and fifty of them cut a thousand yards of cloth every day, the making-up being distributed to many thousand workwomen, who are economising quite sixteen hundred pounds a month of State money by their skill.

❋

It is very curious to watch France's development in war-time. The what's-the-use feeling which prevailed some months ago has vanished altogether. Nobody is waiting, in fact, nobody can wait, to get on with the work of the country until the war is over. They are doing it now, and France is much happier in consequence. Paris shows this happiness more than any other town. It is very well aware of the war, of course, for everyone is suffering from it in one way or another. But there is not a woman whom it has not made better and busier, and I don't think there are any drones at all. One hears little complaining. Everyone is working too hard to complain.

❋

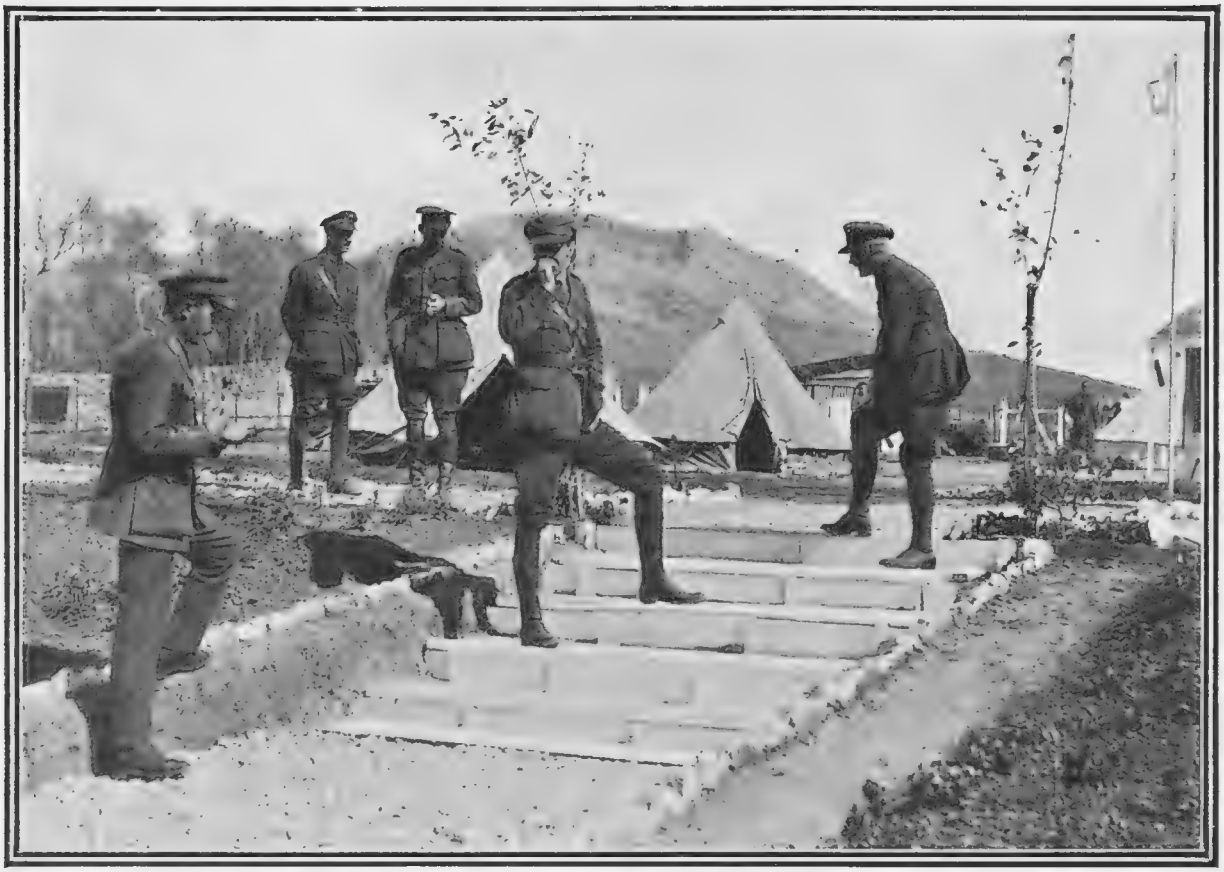
It is wonderful how women of all classes are finding useful things to do. My little friend, Francine Lorée (the Prince's wife) is teaching soldiers to sing her husband's road songs. When she is not doing that she teaches refugees from the invaded parts of France to sing songs of their country and forget their exile. On the Boulevard des Capucines some ladies I know have opened a store, where Society ladies whom the war has hit bring fancy work, which is sold for them.

❋

The poverty among the women who were in good positions till the war came is, of course, enormous. At the Bouffes Parisiens we had a Polish refugee who, after nursing British wounded in Arras and spending six months in a German prison in Rastadt, was sent willy-nilly, *viâ* Switzerland, to Paris, and arrived there penniless. Her father was a millionaire in German Poland when the war began. We have another lady who walks on as a *mannequin*. We took her to Paquin's for her dresses. "Oh, we know, Madame," said Madame Paquin. "We have her model. She was one of our customers until 1914." I inquired into this lady's case, and found that until she came to the theatre she had been living on 12*s.* 6*d.* weekly. The sum puzzled me. I asked more questions. "You see," she said, "I am an Englishwoman really, though I myself am French. My husband is a private soldier in the British Army now, and I found it rather difficult to keep myself and provide schooling for our nine-year-old son on the money I used to pay my maid before the war." John N. Raphael

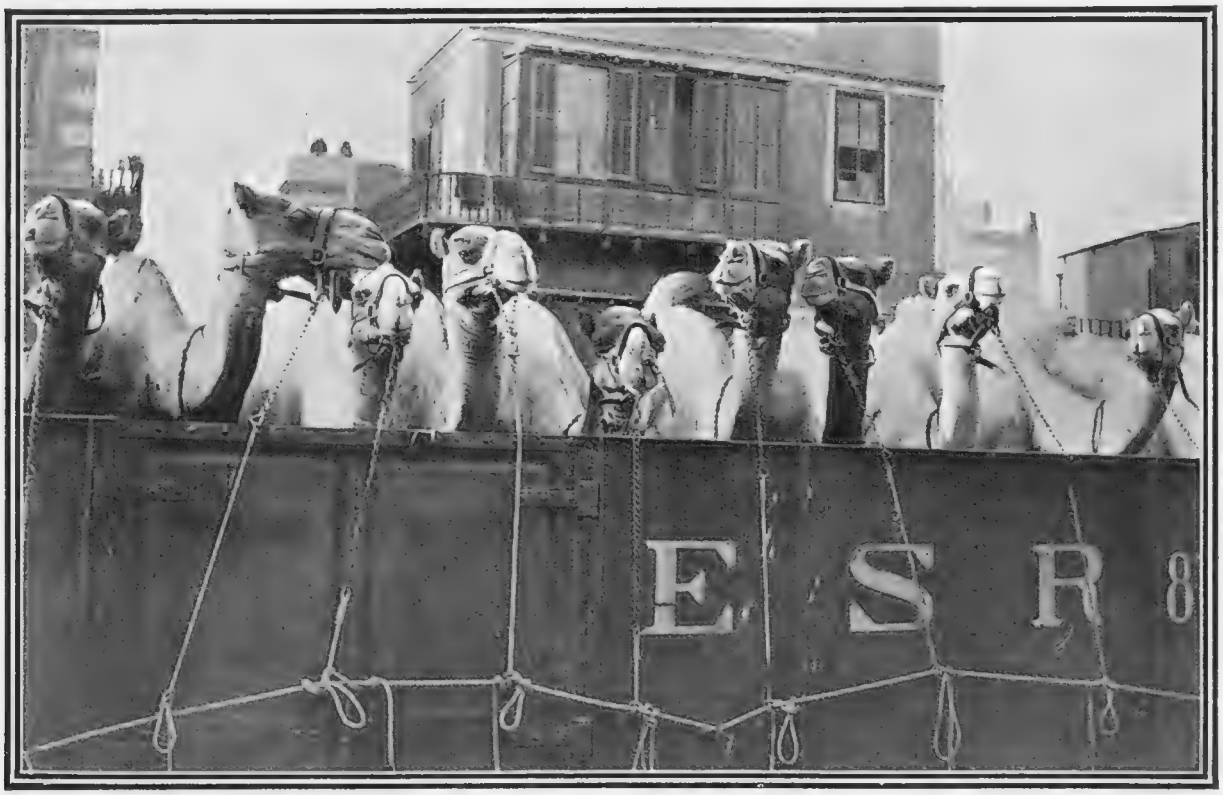
"My little friend, Francine Lorée (the Prince's wife) is teaching soldiers to sing her husband's road songs"

# Out East—With Man and Beast



THE NEWEST GARDEN CITY

These officers at Salonica have not been able to resist the same desire to make a garden round their tents which is so characteristic of some English "camps"—always excepting Salisbury Plain




OFF TO THE DESERT AGAIN

Camels on their way from Cairo to the western border of Egypt. They were used with effect in the recent fighting against the Senussi. The "Ship of the Desert" entrained does not look altogether happy

*MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"*

# "We Look Before—

## —And After"

*BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER*

[*Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.*—ED.]

# The Dud Shell—

## —Or the Fuse Top Collector

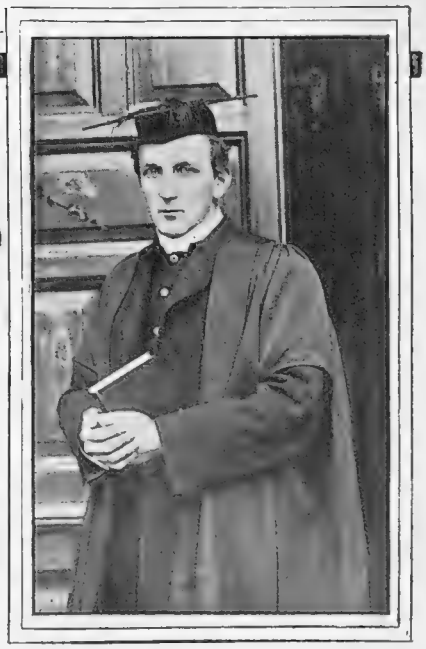
"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert, you can generally 'ear 'em fizzin' a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

# PUBLIC SCHOOLS and the WAR

## Is the System Right or Wrong?

BECAUSE Eton is shortly to lose its Head, a certain number of people interested in the education of our youth seem to be in some danger of losing their heads too. In the daily Press there has been quite a lively little controversy on the necessity, or otherwise, of remodelling the public school system of education with a view to bringing our methods up to date and enabling us to strafe the Boche in the commercial and industrial field after we have finished our present job of putting it across him in the battle arena. One group of contributors to this controversy contends that the way to accomplish this most desirable end is to appoint a high-brow scientist to the Headmastership of Eton and other places of that sort, while the opposing section points out, with a certain amount of asperity, that a proposal of this sort merely means replacing culture by *kultur* and the consequent Prussianisation of our younger generation.



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

THE REV. C. ALINGTON

**Headmaster of Shrewsbury School, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of Dr. Lyttelton at Eton**

PERSONALLY, I am by no means convinced that there is any great amount of room for improvement in the kind of Head to which we have always been accustomed. Judging him by results, he really hasn't done so fearfully badly in the past. At any rate, he has succeeded in turning out a type of young man of which the nation is justly proud—a type which has covered itself with glory on the Empire's battlefields all over the world. It is true this particular type of young man may not have done much in the way of inventing death-dealing gases and manufacturing out of rubber synthetic substitutes for rump steak, but on the other hand he has always been there with the goods whenever, and wherever, it has come to a question of doing a little deal in old metal, cold steel, and other ironmongery with the more highly commercialised Boche.

ALSO, for quite a number of years he has been in the habit of going out to the ends of the earth to open up, or to take over, as the case may be, a branch of John Bull's quite remarkable business, and in that particular capacity I have never heard of his being at a disadvantage compared with the gentle Hun, as a result of the last-named gentleman's superior commercial and scientific qualifications. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that in jobs of this sort his lack of scientific training and his freedom from commercialism have, generally speaking, constituted one of his best assets.

YOU see, unlike the Boche—and also unlike some other people whom I am much too polite to mention just now—when he finds himself put in absolute control of a native territory, of, say, about the size of England, with no other fellow of his own social status nearer than a week or ten days' trek, he never feels the necessity of gratifying his commercial instincts by trying to amass for himself a fortune out of the guileless nigger under his control, or of justifying all the cash expenditure upon the scientific side of his education by encouraging some trader to import large quantities of whisky upon which he can perform all sorts of scientific miracles prior to its distribution in an improved form among the poor benighted heathen of the vicinity.

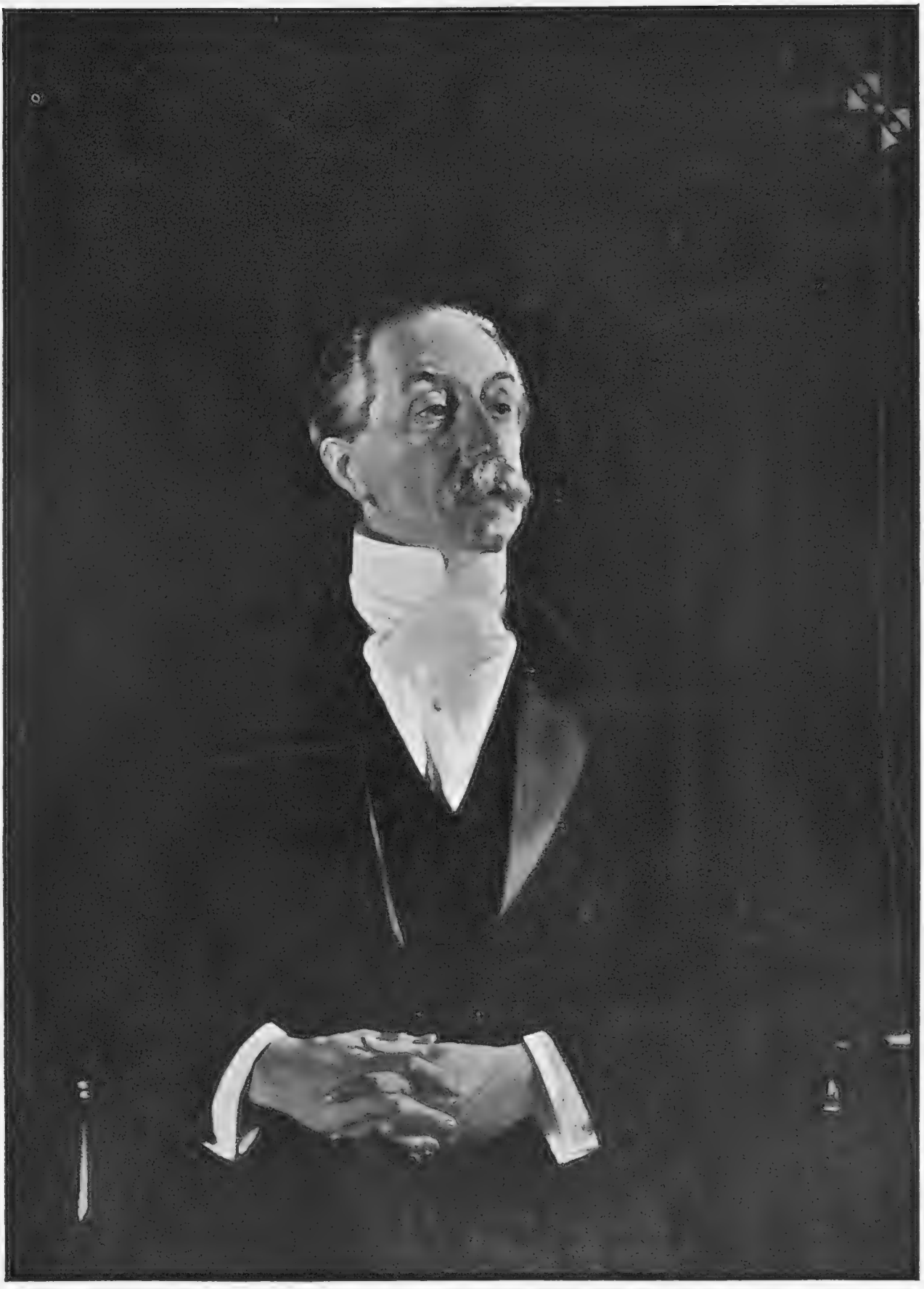
FRANKLY, I don't think that there is really anything very much wrong with his education, except, perhaps, that it costs his parents too much while he is getting it, and frequently doesn't bring him in anything like an adequate amount of money for himself when he has got it. Of course, if he goes on to the 'Varsity and decides to become a doctor or a barrister, he may possibly, with luck—provided, that is, that he possesses the right sort of looks, manner, inclinations, and social connections—eventually make nearly as much money in the course of a year as a second-rate cinema star or a leading lady in musical comedy. On the other hand, if he becomes a parson, he may just as likely as not, be horribly overpaid, however much—or little—he may happen to get. Otherwise, about the only other career open to him is in one branch or another of the Civil Service, and there, unless he happens to get an oversea appointment, his pay is generally about equal to that of a city clerk with no education and less manners.

MY own idea is that we might very well let this part of the country's educational system alone, and apply ourselves to thinking out some scheme for giving this type of young man a rate of pay which will enable him to live on a scale befitting his expensive education and social status. To me, there seems to be something hideously wrong in turning out men of this type and condemning them to live, at any rate, the earlier part of their lives, in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, with the distant and elusive prospect of finally being able to become the proud tenant of a humble home in an unpretentious neighbourhood, wherein to face the problem of keeping it going and at the same time turning out their own sons true to type. The public school product has a right to expect a whole lot more from life than he gets out of it under the existing conditions, and in the best interests of the nation it is obviously somebody's job to see that he gets it.

LEWIS ROSE MACLEOD

# THE Portrait of the Year

## AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE RT. HON. EARL SPENCER, K.G., G.C.V.O. BY WM. ORPEN, A.R.A.

Mr. Orpen, the most brilliant of our younger portrait painters, has achieved the success of the year with this picture, a fine piece of modelling and colour

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

# Fun at the Comedy and Comedy at the St. James's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

## "HALF-PAST EIGHT" At the Comedy Theatre

MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN seems to have the gift, with a touch of genius, of producing revues. His latest outbreak at the Comedy Theatre is a gem of its kind, and those who seek a little healthy distraction may rest quite definitely assured that *Half-Past-Eight* is "the goods."

❋

AMONG many features that are of the first order of excellence I think I enjoyed most the scene on the Tube Railway. As everybody knows, this handy method of conveyance has the merit of bringing the classes and the masses into very close contact, and a most amusing item is the brisk conversation perseveringly carried on by two fashionable ladies, although they are separated by the bulky form of an unsympathetic working man. Then there is the man who always "sticks his feet out," and after the conductor has fallen over them, gruffly accepts the apology that was never made.

❋

THE gem of the turn, however, is the old lady who wants to get to Brondesbury and has to change at Baker Street. Having no seat she is obliged to "straphang," and in spite of her persistent search for topographical information, gets carried past her station. She is then informed that she will have to pay one penny excess fare. But it is impossible for her to get to her purse while she is holding a strap with one hand and her luggage with the other. All at once she has an inspiration, and appeals to a young man near her. If he will kindly hold the strap for her while she reaches her purse it will be all right. Just what advantage the old lady expected to derive from this vicarious effort at self-help it is difficult to see. But she seems convinced that it will be quite all right.

❋

WE could all see the trouble that was coming, and one or two laughed in delighted anticipation. The old lady gave up the strap to the kind young man, and the next moment the train gave a vicious lurch, and she went down with her parcels into one heap on the floor. I enjoyed this scene so much that a severe-looking lady sitting beside me thought it her duty to say "hush!" She seems to have thought the situation a tragic one, and not having the honour to be a member of her sex, I have to concede that she may have had more inside knowledge, as it were, than I, and may, therefore, have been right in her diagnosis. But to a mere male person with an ordinary sense of humour, the scene was quite riotously funny.

ANOTHER extremely droll scene is the interior of a furniture shop in Tottenham Court Road. It is all about nothing in particular, but that is what makes the sheer nonsense of it so droll. There is Mr. Hugh E. Wright as one of the assistants with a huge roll of linoleum that is always being taken somewhere, and yet which never gets there anyhow, though it gets pretty well everywhere else.

❋

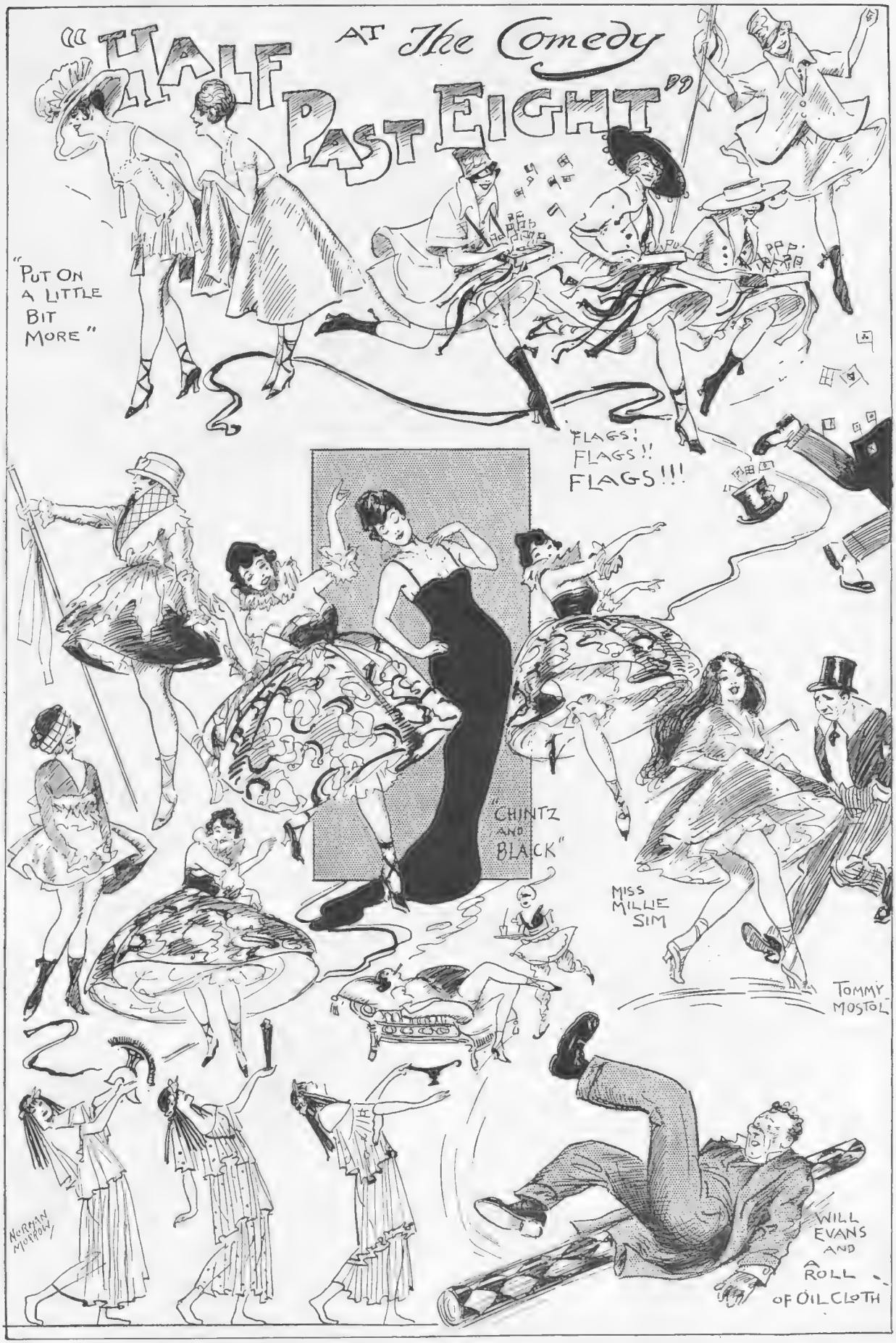
THEN there is a lovely French lady who wants to furnish a flat (Miss Yvonne Granville), and all the mistakes that such a transaction may involve duly occur in their right order. At one moment one of the assistants climbs over a heap of furniture in order to secure an article that has taken the lady's fancy, and the next thing you know is that the assistant and the furniture and the lovely lady have all come down with a crash together. It is not, perhaps, a very exalted form of humour, but we live in strange times, and the roar of

(Continued on page 312)

"PEN" AND HER PERFORMING TROUPE OF SUITORS

MISS MARIE HEMINGWAY AND SUITE IN THE NEW PLAY "PEN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

# A Gem Among Revues




Mr. C. B. Cochran's latest essay in the domain of Revue at the Comedy Theatre stamps him as a genius in the production of this most popular form of entertainment. "Half-past-Eight" is a show that no lover of mirth and jollity can afford to miss

*LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 310)*

## A "PEN" PICTURE

laughter that prevailed during this scene could almost have been cut with a knife.

A VERY striking scene is called "The Turkish de Light Bath." It represents the "cooling-off" room of a Turkish Bath on a Ladies' Day, and should prove specially attractive to all who have an eye for beauty not obtrusively adorned. Indeed, as you see the lovely creatures reclining gracefully on their chairs the spectacle seems almost too good to be true, but a careful scrutiny, which the average man may be relied on making, reveals the fact that the ladies are really attired. All at once the room is invaded by a number of well-meaning women of Mrs. Grundy's school, who, shocked at the bareness of the scene, as it were, remove their own attire with the righteous purpose of clothing more completely the ladies of the bath. In their zeal for the cause they rather overdo the good work with the result that when the objects of their charity are fully clad, the intruders are, if anything, distinctly on the raw side, as you might say. The whole scene is very delicately managed, and is most amusing.

A QUITE amusing scene represents three distinguished members of the Cabinet, who, since

**The guardian and the bright boy who has achieved a record by being "sacked" from both Eton and Harrow. At the St. James's Theatre**

the Government have acquired a racing stable, have drifted into the tortuous business of Turf Commission Agents, and have begun by backing the favourite—to win or lose! I do not know very much of racing matters myself, but I can understand that with a horse backed in this manner a race must be deprived of a good deal of its ordinary excitement. The humour here is very good, and, what is better still, it is entirely free from cheap malice. *Half-Past-Eight* is not a show that any lover of mirth and jollity can afford to miss.

"PEN"

**At the St. James's Theatre**

MR. H. A. VACHELL'S play, based upon a novel by Mr. Morley Roberts, seems hardly likely to achieve the success that has so happily crowned Mr. Vachell's efforts as a dramatist hitherto. The third act is the best of the three, but the first two are rather trials of patience. Miss Marie Hemingway as the advanced "Pen" is quite excellent; and a distinguished performance is given by Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the mother of the wayward bride. It ought not to be difficult, with so much good material available, to pull the play together successfully. As it is, it is hardly up to the rather exacting standard of war-time amusement. JINGLE


## BAIRNSFATHER DE LUXE

*IT sounds impossible, perhaps, for Bairnsfather seems an affair of trench, dug-out, 'ole, and billet, not of the drawing-room or library table. The impossible happens sometimes, however, and a De Luxe Edition of "Fragments from France" is actually in existence.*

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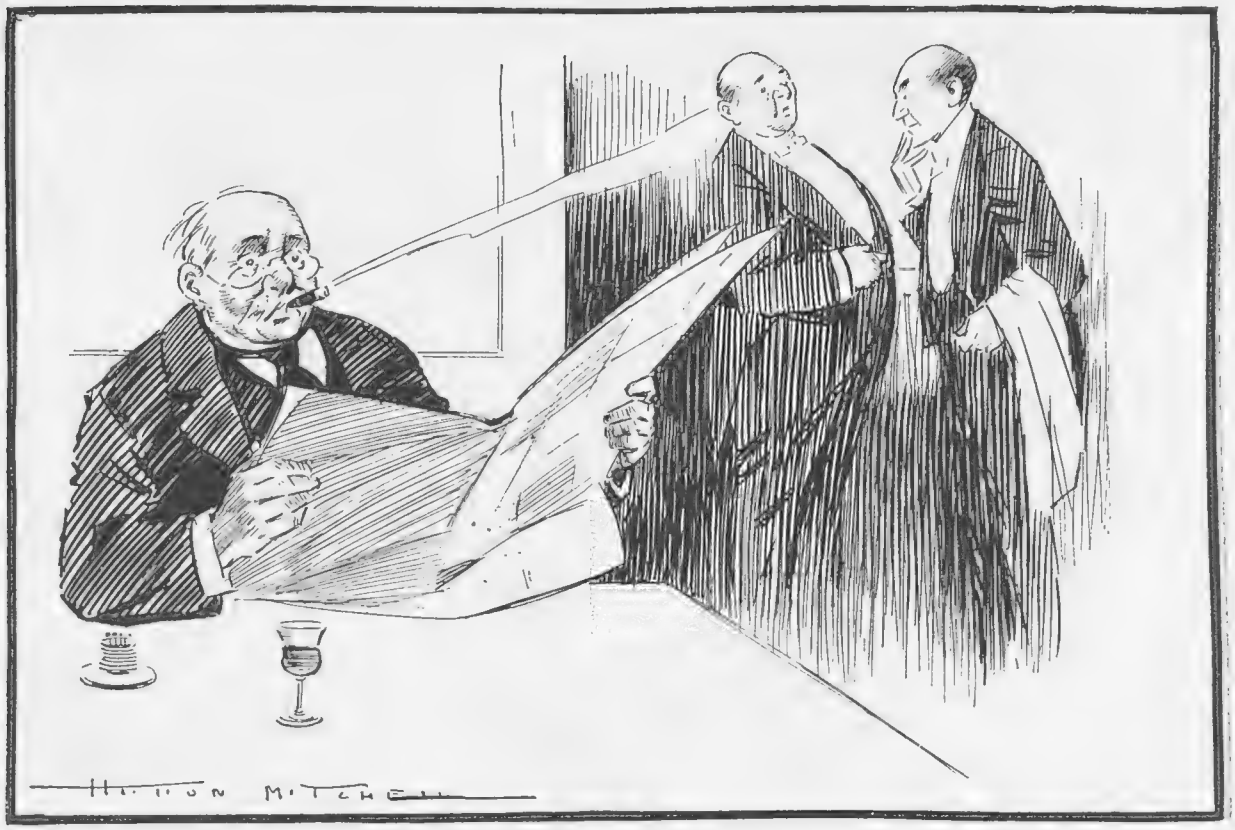
# "They Also Serve——"




SUSPICIONS

HEAD WAITER: "What makes you think he's a German?"
WAITER: "Well, sir, 'e's registered as a Scotsman—but he ain't touched the whisky I took 'im quarter of an hour ago"

MUNITIONS

"I want to leave nex' week, mum, I'm agoin' to work on munitions"
"Well, Mary, if you drop things there as often as you've done here, you won't be long in your new place"

# "CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

SECOND PERFORMANCE

[*Curtain rises and discovers a fashionable wedding party about to enter a fashionable West End Church. On wall at back appears a poster, which announces that "to buy new clothes in war-time is worse than wicked; it is vulgar."*]

CHORUS: "HASTE TO THE WEDDING"

Haste to the war-time wedding,
For economy's cheap to-day—
Ropes of pearls
For beautiful girls,
Never mind what they say.
The Chancellor won't be angry,
Though extravagance he forbids—
Watch the pence
Is excellent sense,
But it doesn't apply to quids.

. . . .

So haste to the war-time wedding,
Turn up in your best array—
Picture hats
For kittens and cats,
Economy's cheap to-day!

. . . .

[*As the party enter the church the scene changes to*]

SCENE II.: PROMPT SIDE—NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB. O.P. SIDE—MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS. AT REAR—A MARCONI INSTALLATION.

[*Enter simultaneously A. G. G. and D. L. G. from the Club and the Ministry respectively. On seeing each other they make signs of abhorrence. The Marconi Installation sends out the S.O.S. signal, which neither notices.*]

DUET: "FRIENDSHIP"

A. G. G.: Old pal of days of yore,
Old pal, but pal no more—
I cannot stick
Your latest game;
A bit too thick
I find the same.
Ah me! Ah you!
It will not do:
You've taken in
Your friends so stout,
You man of sin
I've found you out.
We've found you out who brought you in,
To put down Dukes and beer and gin,
Now you put down your foot and say
You'll have your military way—
(*very indignantly*) Good day, old pal, good day,
*good* day!

. . . .

D. L. G.: Old pal of days of yore,
Old pal, but pal no more—
You make me tired,
Assassin! You
Who once admired
All I could do.
What now? What ho!
You dare to go
And criticise,
And talk to me,
Why—bless—your eyes,
You wait and see!
To argufy you'd lead me on.
Base reptile, off! Vamoose! Begone!
Your poison gas, your horrid bray
Won't frighten me, if that's your lay.
(*very indignantly*) Good day to you, good day,
*good* day!

. . . .

[*They glare at each other and exeunt. While the Marconi Installation sends out the S.O.S. signal, of which they are both oblivious.*]

⁂ ⁂

[*The scene fades and changes to*]

SCENE III.: "THE GREEN PARK"

[*The sun has just risen, and it is very bright and green. On the damp grass Shepherdesses jump about to keep themselves warm.*]

PART SONG: "DAYLIGHT SAVING"

SHEPHERDESSES:

Daytime, daytime, shan't we have a gay time,
Now the clock has had a shock
And one is always noon!
Lambs around us skipping,
We go tripping, tripping,
Life is simply ripping,
Since we've got this boon.

. . . .

Save a little daylight, just a little daylight,
Up before the milkman goes his merry way!
Nothing like the sunlight
In making everyone bright,
Let us make a song of it, and have a jolly day!

. . . .

[*They make a song of it, and as they are doing so enter a party of 2nd Lieutenants on their way home.*]

2ND LIEUTENANTS:

Sunshine? Moonshine! Stars'll jolly soon shine,
Then's the time to have a time
And never miss a lark.
Waiter round us tripping,
Ballet-dancers skipping,
Life is simply ripping
When the streets are dark!

. . . .

Save a little daylight, save a little daylight.
Home what time the milkman starts his merry trot,
Let us have a gay time,
Never mind the daytime,
Let us make a night of it and save the bally lot.

[FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK]

# Peas and Plenty

A MAGNIFICENT SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE

# BELLICOSITIES

QUEER thing to find so keen a theologian as Lord Hugh Cecil among the few opponents of the Daylight Saving Bill. Why didn't someone corner him with the "leading case" of Joshua, first and greatest of daylight savers, who, having no clocks to manipulate, out-Willetted Willett by stopping the sun itself? His was a "war-time experiment," too, and, according to the record, a triumphantly successful one to boot.

⁂

NEMESIS, in these rigorous times, is properly strafing that long-suffered social nuisance, the amateur photographer. Wherever he turns up with his bag of tricks in a public place he is liable to be challenged as a spy. It is true that, when asked if he has "snapped" anything of a compromising nature, he can always reply, in Parliamentary form, that "the answer is in the negative." But if this is not thought satisfactory, he is likely to find himself let in for an examination *in camera*.

⁂

"EVERYTHING is now quiet at Kilkenny." Very gratifying news, as far as it goes; but a similar bulletin is understood to have been issued, with equal appropriateness, after the two local cats, of immortal memory, had finished adjusting their differences.

⁂

WE shall have to wait and see whether or not the swelling of the All-Highest's head has been appreciably reduced by Dr. Wilson's latest prescription. Wilhelm himself is said to have expressed the emphatic opinion that he has already had quite enough Lansing.

⁂

CONGRATULATIONS to the Liverpool undertakers on the abandonment of their strike, which, apparently, very soon began to pall. It was obviously a mistake to rehearse their trade grievances in such grave times as these, and they have been wise in deciding, for the time being, to bury — the hatchet. Their patriotic conduct will in no way prejudice their future undertakings.

THOUGH the native tribes in German East Africa are known to be none too well affected to their Teutonic rulers, there is no difficulty in believing that the Hun Commander-in-Chief in the colony is not half so much worried by the blacks as he is by the Smuts.

⁂

A SEAMAN who was found giving away £1 notes with reckless generosity was charged with being drunk, and fined accordingly. The next time there is a Flag Day in London you must make sure the policeman isn't looking before you spring half-a-crown for the good cause.

⁂

THE German Fleet recently came out into the open sea, headed by the Dreadnought *Hindenburg*. Is this a hint that it is asking for something to be driven into it?

⁂

THE Hellenic Government has issued a formal denial to the rumour that Greece has asked Germany for a loan. After all, in spite of the little eccentricities of this distinguished neutral, it is hardly fair to charge it with an act of sheer lunacy.

⁂

ACCORDING to an exchange, raw onions are being served out to the troops in France. If the Germans will use poison gases, we'll show them that two can play at that game.

⁂

A TAXI-CAB driver recently explained in court the difficulties of driving through the darkened streets. He said: "If we hear a smash we know we have hit something." Pedestrians might note this firsthand method of gleaning evidence with advantage. If you are knocked down by a taxi in the dark you may safely conclude that you have been hit by something.

⁂

A NEW temperance beer has been invented, and will shortly be on sale. We are not informed of the use to which it is proposed to put the new invention, but it will, no doubt, be employed on the Western Front as our reply to the German poison-gas attacks.

MUTUAL RECRUITING

KAISER: "Try this on! Suit you to a 'T'!!"
THE WORLD: "No good—but *you'd* look fine in 'civvy's,' me lad"

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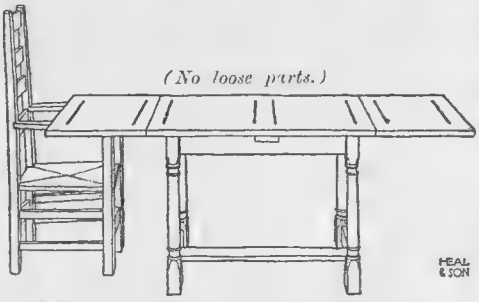


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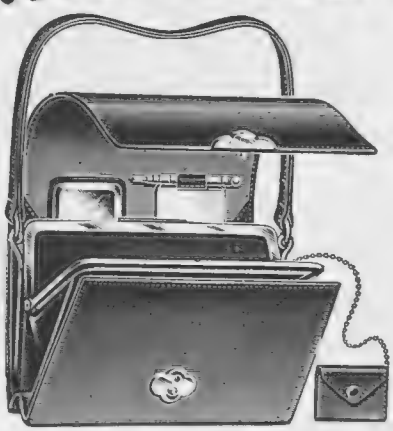

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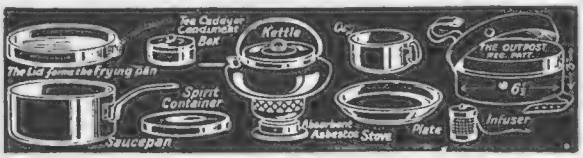


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# The Problem of the Widow

BY "EFEMERA"

### Surplus Women

ANOT inconsiderable number of people seem exercised over what is to become of women after the war. They conjure up a dark picture of thousands of waiting women, all of them calling for husbands, and few, very few, alas! chosen. What is to become of the noble army of left-overs? Are they to be condemned to a life of single cussedness? It is a harrowing spectacle, and one that may well move the sentimental onlooker to bitter tears. You can hear, in your mind's ear, the dismal chorus: "No wedding-bells for them," to an accompaniment of sobs.

### The Lure of the Widow

THE situation may well give one furiously to think, especially if marrying and giving in marriage are to continue on the present lines. I do not know whether anyone has noticed it, but even in these days of great matrimonial activity widows, and particularly war-widows, seem to be getting the lion's share of available men. Of course, widows have always enjoyed great popularity with the opposite sex. When it comes to a permanent engagement the experienced professional must have an advantage over the mere neophyte. In these busy times either men have not the leisure or else they do not care to take the trouble of training a wife from the very beginning, as it were. That is easy to understand. To have supposedly made one man comfortable and happy is a kind of certificate of ability, a matrimonial D.S.O. The position of wife is quite a responsible one—and who would put an inexperienced navigator in command of a ship?

### Lack of Male Enterprise

SOME men are naturally reckless, but the spirit of adventure is lacking more often than one would suppose. Many men prefer the prospect of settling down with a woman who presumably knows her job to facing the unknown with a girl whose possibilities in the matrimonial line are as yet undeveloped. There is no telling how a girl may turn out. The very name of widow suggests competence if not a competency as well. The latter may be a material consideration, but there you are. With five shillings in the pound income tax a woman with something of her own is anything but a negligible quantity. And one does expect a widow to have something. . . . Yes, there is no denying the attraction of widows taken on their merits, not to mention that of a comfortable little addition to one's income.

### Forbidden Fruit

THE question is: what is to be done about it? To begin with, the predatory activity of widows must in some way be restricted. A bill might be passed forbidding any woman to marry more than one man in the course of her lifetime. Widows as a class would thus be placed *hors de combat*, or *hors concours*, if you prefer it that way. The difficulty is that such a drastic prohibition would tend, more than anything else, to enhance the already irresistible charm of the relict by making her a forbidden, and, therefore, infinitely desirable fruit. She and her admirers, you may depend on it, would find some way of circumventing the law if it were not immediately repealed. Think of the agitation! The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill would be nothing in comparison. The strongest Government would fall with a noise like thunder over a question of that sort.

### A Question of Good Form

MORAL suasion might succeed, but I doubt it—people have such an obstinate way of turning a deaf ear to unwelcome propaganda. Or posters could be pasted up to impress one with the bad form of a widow marrying again. Even that, I am afraid, would hardly have the desired effect. We all know by this time that it is bad form to wear anything but old clothes, but consciousness of virtue in that direction is a flattering unction laid to the soul chiefly by those whose means do not permit the purchase of new raiment. I stand open to correction, but such is my personal impression.

### The Fallacy of the Age Limit

ALL widows might be executed, imprisoned, or deported to happier climes where men still abound, but that, again, would be unpalatably drastic. Besides, it would be palpably unfair to elderly widows. An age-limit above which widows could be permitted to remain at large in the country would only create fresh difficulties, and besides would afford no real security, for, as we all know, once a widow, always eligible. Re-marriage is a question of inclination, not of years. All things being equal, a widow's chances of marriage invariably outclass those of a spinster of the same age. A little widow is, and always will be, a dangerous thing.

### The Future of the Unmarried

YOU perceive the gravity of the problem. Given a diminished number of marriageable men and an increased number of widows, what is to become of the spinsters of the community? Are they to be left to languish unwooed and unwon? What is to be done with them? The only solution that I can think of is to put a premium on the widow, to use her attraction, as it were, for a bait. No man should be permitted to marry a widow unless he could show that he had already espoused at least one spinster. He would thus have fulfilled his obligation to the community, and could, therefore, be allowed to follow his real inclination. EFEMERA

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# Other Prospective Claimants

## TO THE HONOUR OF SHAKESPEARE'S NATIONALITY

## HORRORS YET TO COME

It is to be hoped that the number of enemy nations will not increase, for consider the alarming consequences of all of them following the example of the Germans, and claiming Shakespeare as a compatriot of their own!

# The Phrase Factory

WOMAN has proved that she can take a man's place, among men. But she will never be able to take a man's place among women.

EVERY woman needs flattery, and every man requires criticism.

EVERYONE has been young once, and most modern women of an uncertain age are young about three times.

MANY a woman tries to cheer herself up with the thought that her husband would be sorry if she died.

IT is not what you think of him, but what other people think of your husband, that decides whether you have made a good match or not.

A WOMAN has to choose between being an episode and being a nuisance.

EVERY man's friends are divided into two classes: those he knows because he must, and those he knows because he mustn't.

NO one has anything but contempt for the world's opinion of them—unless it is a good one.

AN ideal wife would have a bank balance but no latch-key.

IT is hard to say which is the most to be pitied, the man with an ugly unattractive wife he does not care for or the man with a pretty fascinating wife he does care for.

NO man can love twice; that is to say, not the same woman.

YOU can't make a conversation without breaking news.

YOU can never forget a sin you have confessed.

A GIRL is taught to believe that love will come after marriage—and so it will if she meets the right man.

A MAN who remembers how pretty a woman was "twenty years ago" forgets himself.

AS long as you return his presents a man will continue to love you, but return his love and he really does become discouraged.

DISCRETION is the talent some people have of knowing with whom they can be indiscreet.

SOME women are liked by all men for no particular reason, and disliked by all women for that particular reason.

IF a man has a secret everyone knows it; if a woman has a secret everyone knows the secret. S. T.

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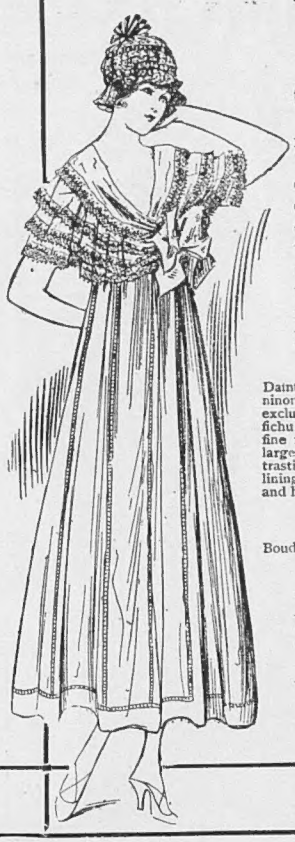

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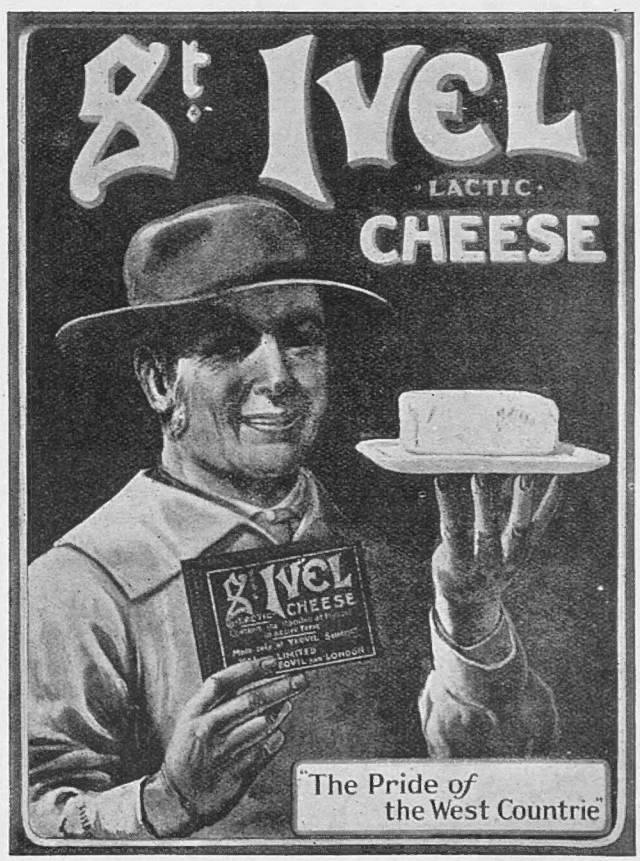


# Motoring and an Outcry

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

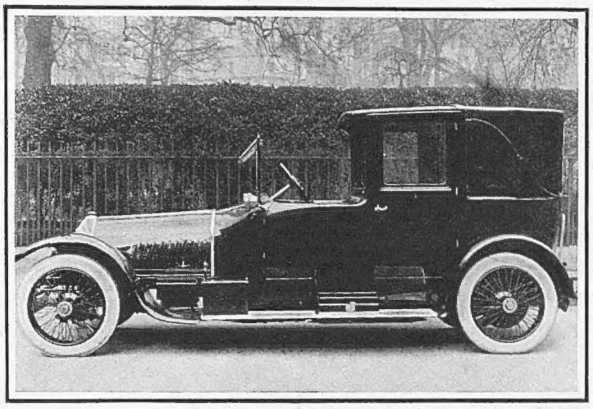
### The Grinding Heel

THE outcry against the proposed new taxes increases in volume and intensity. There is little else to fill the aching void of motordom. At least one technical journal must be offering thanks about it all. Almost it is filled with the free contributions of protest from indignant motorists. Which is as it should be if the proposed taxation is going very seriously to affect a class of the community unfairly; as most certainly it is. With every desire to fall a cheerful victim to the rape of the revenue-collector, there is still the irksome, galling fact to face, that the motorist is being ground under the heel of class taxation for which there is no excuse on grounds of equity. But I have several times before assaulted this position with battery. There is no point in prolonging the agony. The motorist must himself take action. "He who would be free, himself must strike the blow," is, I think, the apt (and, I hope, correct) quotation.

***

### No Separate Interests

THE fact that the face of motoring nature has entirely changed cannot be impressed upon the political machine by letters to the papers; particularly when the papers which impress the political machine consistently refuse to publish the letters. To tell the whole truth, the motoring section of the community is not powerful enough as a distinct body to influence daily newspapers; not because it has not considerable power, but because it has not been moved by issues large enough separately to express its power. The motor-car and its uses are not yet a consciously dominating factor in the lives of motorists. They regard a car merely as one of the minor issues of existence. As I have already submitted, they will not appreciate the extent to which their lives have come to be mixed up with mechanical road transportation until they have been deprived of the car altogether. Then they will arise in their wrath and smite something. And, just as, unconsciously, the face of things motoring has completely changed during these last few years, so, then, will the face of the passive or active motoring opposition change. Only it will change consciously!



A LORDLY CAR—FOR RUSSIA

A photograph of a remarkably distinguished 30 h.p. Sheffield Simplex landaulette, supplied to H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Anastasie of Russia. The body is painted and upholstered in dark blue, and is fitted with a number of special accessories (such as a box for needlework) to her Highness's own specification

***

### The One Voice

TO-DAY the motor vehicle is indispensable. To-day (I repeat again) the motor vehicle is bought and used more for economy's sake than the sake of anything else. To-day the motoring community (to shake it free of its other interests for a moment) is a very considerable aggregation—

(Continued on page 326)


Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET

Jap Silk Rest Gown

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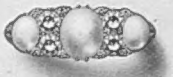
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*MOTORING (concluded from page 324)*

quite big enough, if speaking as one man (or woman) and with one emphatic voice, to say that it will not have oppressive treatment, nor any treatment at all except such as falls to the common lot of citizens. Directly motorists can get together and raise their voices in a united shout, the walls of the citadel behind which class legislators sit and legislate, will fall down and the outraged motorist will march into possession of his full citizen rights which, so far as taxation is concerned, are just ordinary citizen rights; no more and no less. And when he does march in (if ever), we shall see the R.A.C. doing a sprint in order to lead him—and failing, as it always failed, in leadership.

***

**An Organiser's Chance**

IT amounts to this: If the issues raised by this proposed new extra taxation are large enough and painful enough, motorists have only to get together to secure not perhaps all they want, but a considerable improvement in the terms of the present proposals. If the taxes go on they have only to lock the garage door as the aforesaid one man, refusing to open to any political candidate, or any charitable purpose, and refusing to use their cars themselves for six months (what time they make their Parliamentary Members' lives a misery to them), and not only does the tax come off, but probably the price of petrol comes down. This applies to private cars. Then it only requires a general agreement between the users of professional and business vehicles (to whatever extent that may be possible) and the rout of the enemy would be complete. The Lady of the Hearthstone has informed me that such a form of passive resistance generally adopted over one particular area brought down the price of milk or something. There's an omen for you! If milk, why not petrol? Anyway, it is useless for a few voices to cry in the wilderness. All the voices must shout together in the market-place. Now is the time to shout before the taxes are on. Afterwards only general refusal to use the car will serve. Assuming (which I doubt) the temper of the motorist is sufficiently militant, here is a great chance for an organiser.

***

**A.A. Work**

THE winter's work of the A.A. Section, Headquarters Central Detachment, Special Constabulary, has worthily earned, and is hereby accorded, a word of high approbation. This section is composed of A.A. members, their cars and motor-cycles. Every night a squad are on duty at Headquarters. During air raids and similar occasions of disturbance their assistance has been of very valuable help—a fact to which Authority has borne ungrudging witness. The organisation work in connection with the transportation of the wounded who were recently entertained by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace was wholly this section's affair, and drew a letter of appreciation from the King to Commanders Jarrott and Timperley. The members of the section give the use of their own vehicles and themselves pay the running expenses. If they and the thousands of other motorists who do other gratuitous work of national importance, withdrew their services and locked up their vehicles for the duration of the war, the work would have to be done by paid labour, the cars would have to be bought with public money, and the Exchequer would in addition lose the revenue from motoring taxation. The result would be an additional million or two for the Chancellor to find out of the pockets of the general people.

Take the daylight with you.—The C.A.V. Dynamo set for Light Cars, complete £22 5s., gives the motorist a clear right of way. Brochure post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W

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